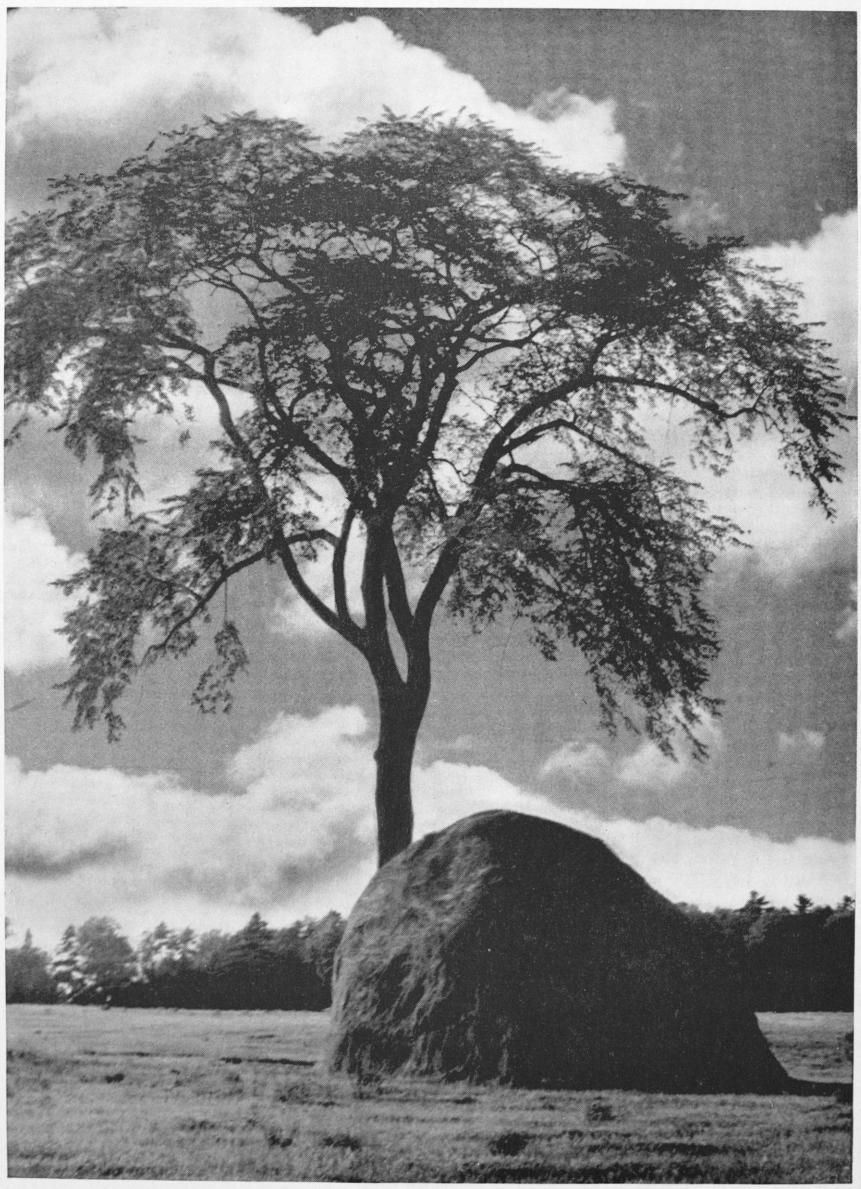
THE MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

NEWS LETTER

Published by Middlebury College at Middlebury, Vermont

VOLUME XVI | SEPTEMBER, 1941 | No. 1



HUBAN

Peace

Subjects and Predicates

There was a day, when space was large and time leisurely, which gave an editor some faith in the relation of his work to permanence. Such was the day when word of the surrender of Alexandria came through to Middlebury in eight weeks; when the *National Standard* could print as stop press news on February 15, the election of John Quincy Adams on February 9. (See STAGECOACH NORTH) Such was the day when the journalist sold history under the headline "latest and most important intelligence."

It wasn't when a thing happened, but when you heard it, that it became news. To quote, again from STAGECOACH NORTH, a newspaper contributor of 1802: "[A newspaper] tells us facts the minute we are curious to know them."

Now there is nothing so stale as yesterday's headlines; nothing so mistaken as today's forecast. The reader's curiosity anticipates the whirling printing press, and even the radio wave; its hunger grows by satiation, as fat cries for food. Such curiosity must feed on conjecture, rumor, fear, for want of solid facts–and that way madness lies, and indigestion.

It is for indigestion of the psyche that we offer our readers the NEWS LETTER. Taken in small doses just before bed-time, or after the news broadcasts, we can think of no more effective bromide. We are linked by no grapevine tendrils with world capitals. Our staff does not include a single Washington correspondent, nor a man high in official circles or close to those who are. We know no more of what is going on in the world than a Congressman and we have no more chance to direct events than a tax payer. We are the passive subjects of the very predicates which effect our readers.

Not that the editor's office is in an ivory tower. From the first floor of Painter Hall we feel and share the vibrations from each impact which today strikes everywhere a community of human beings. On the lawn outside, as we write, stroll men and women speaking languages that only an ocean away are whispered in terror and despair or shrieked in hatred. By the time these words are read, there will be younger strollers, whose native tongue is a hybrid of those others, and whose attitude too soon may be compounded of their emotions. No; we write with no inner assurance of safety, or security, or hope. But our editorial policy is founded on the abiding desire to give what modicum of all three it is in our power to give. We offer you "news" which has had three months to settle, and the "Latest and Most Important Intelligence" of characters long arrived or mouldering and of events long past. Frankly and unashamedly, we offer you the NEWS LETTER as a sedative, an alkaline antidote to more informed publications. If you can but fall into sweet and untroubled slumber over these pages, we shall have fulfilled our mission.

EDITORIAL BOARD

ELIZABETH BRADSTREET WALSH
Acting Editor

Contributing Editors
HOWARD S. CADY
HARRY G. OWEN
WYMAN W. PARKER
FRANCES HARDER RAMSDELL
EDGAR J. WILEY

Business and Circulation Manager
EDGAR J. WILEY

Contributions for the Personal News and Notes of Alumni, and changes in address should be addressed to the alumni or alumnae secretaries, other contributions to the editor.

The News Letter is the official organ of the Associated Alumni and of the Alumnae Association of Middlebury College. It is published by the College at Middlebury, Vermont, quarterly, in September, December, March, and June, and was entered as second-class matter November 15, 1932, at the Middlebury post office under Act of Congress, August 24, 1912.

Plight

A friend of ours, on another campus, passed a student who was leaving her last examination. "There," our friend heard her say to a companion, with evident satisfaction, "That's over. Now I can stop thinking." Then a troubled look dulled the gleam in the speaker's eye: "My goodness," she said. "You know, I don't believe I *can* stop thinking."

Little Switzerland

Take a compass with a twelve mile radius. Place the point on the Old Chapel spire and swing the arc in a half circle north, east, and south. By thus including Bristol and Bread Loaf with the College campus, you have, during July and August, the geographic and linguistic equivalent of Switzerland, with Spain and the British Isles to boot. Middlebury is its Geneva and Dunmore its Lucerne. The only apparent difference, aside from the diminished aspect of the mountains, is that here the League of Nations *works*.

735 students from Argentina, the Canal Zone, Canada, and 38 different states attended the Middlebury Language Schools and the Bread Loaf School of English this summer. The Spanish School enrollment showed more than a 100 percent increase over last year's figures; Bread Loaf remained about the same; the French, German, and Italian Schools reported slight decreases. The Language Schools awarded 47 degrees on August 11: two Doctorates in Modern Language and 28 Master's degrees to French students; nine Master's degrees to Spanish School graduates, five to the Germans, and three to the Italians. The next evening Bread Loaf conferred 33 M.A. degrees, and an honorary LL.D. on Marjorie Nicolson, Dean of Smith College.

Over 100 authors, literary agents, critics, and editors were scheduled to attend the Writers' Conference at Bread Loaf during the last two weeks in August.

Rehabilitation

Even in our editorial abstraction, we noticed sounds of unwonted restlessness among fellow tenants up and down the first floor corridor of Painter Hall. We put it down to the post-commencement conflict of duty with desire which had set our own feet to shuffling beneath the desk when the summer breezes stirred the papers littering its top.

It was therefore something of a shock, one noon, to find that all noises had stopped together. Startled by the quiet as we had not been by the noise, we sent Egad, our personal emissary, to investigate. He brought back news to quicken us to action.

Except for our own quarters on the first floor and the print shop in the basement, Painter Hall had been vacated, practically over night, and the occupants transplanted in Old Chapel. Old Chapel, like the famous old ax which had had six new heads and seven new handles, has seen many changes since it was opened in 1836, but none so completely transforming as this. Except for five faculty cubbies on the third floor and the Chapel Room itself, the entire building is now taken over by administrative offices.

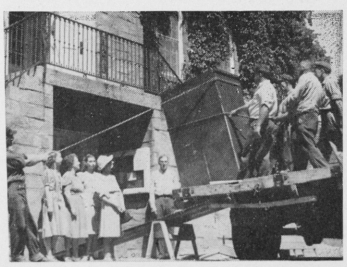
A staff photographer was rushed to the scene to preserve a record of the work in progress (see cut)—when we are finally roused to awareness we can mobilize quickly enough—and Egad retired to give the dust and secretaries time to settle before making a floor-by-floor survey of the new arrangements. At the end of July he produced the following report.

The ground floor right, once the bookstore, is now the Treasurer's suite, removed *in toto* from the Battell Block which has housed the records of Middlebury's financial holdings since 1916. Behind a grille which sets apart the money changers from the temple, Mr. Hope and his staff were working in the daylight glow of fluorescent lighting. Pressed for details to which he might wish to point with pride, the Assistant Treasurer referred Egad in order to his secretaries, the lights, the tile floor ("asphalt tile, but you don't need to mention the asphalt: it's cheaper than linoleum"), and the vault with a safety device inside the door which in an emergency dispenses with the need for a Jimmy Valentine.

To the left of the hall, in the rooms once used by Admissions and Personnel and by Education, are the Registrar and her staff. Gamaliel Painter beams down upon a long new counter where students will soon be swarming to make sure of their share in his bequest. Miss Bristol has had the false front removed from the original brick fireplace in the outer office, and a modern electric clock frowns across the room at these vestigial remains of a colder, more leisurely era.

At the end of the corridor, the classrooms have been cleared of seats and blackboards to make room for the appurtenances of the Business Manager and his minions, also removed from the Battell Block. They told Egad, though he didn't hear it working, that Mr. Fritz has a newfangled contraption which he can switch on to overhear what's doing in the outer offices—an OGPU device which so far he uses benevolently enough.

The first floor is devoted entirely to admission and deans. Dean Patterson's secretary, in the outer office to the right, sits flooded in air and sunshine from four windows on two exposures. This unwonted glory, after the gloom of Painter, is what most impresses all the newcomers. Unfortunately, it also discloses the shabbiness and mismating of the office furniture they brought with them, which suffers further contrast with polished hardwood floors and pristine paint. The Admissions and Personnel suite runs almost the entire length of the first floor, to the left of the corridor. Mr. Wiley's office comes first, with the home-touch evident in a studio couch. Bill Craig's office is off the "living room," which contains the growing vocational library and catalogues of other colleges. There, also, are green leather chairs, an old-rose rug, and wall decorations of pewter platters, cane, framed campus scenes.



HUBAN

Miss Bristol Sees It Through

At the end of the corridor is headquarters for the Women's College, a large central office with Dean Ross and the Alumnae Secretary's rooms to the right and Miss Williams, Admissions Secretary, to the left. A big lighted closet, shelved on three sides to the ceiling, is the chief delight of the secretaries, who had heretofore wallowed in accumulated records.

Egad climbed the next flight into utter confusion. The President's suite was being redecorated, and Prexy himself was pushed back in a corner of the Trustee's room, along with furniture from his office, samples of wall paper and window hangings, records and books. He needed only a cluster of three balls to start a business.

His office and Mrs. Powell's are decorated alike, although the tenants don't seem to agree on definitions of the décor. Mrs. Powell described the color of the wall paper below the chair-rail as battleship grey; Dr. Moody and Egad, mere men, held out for mauve. Arthur Healy, the decorator, called it a warm grey. In any case, the paper above is an opalescent pearl grey and the hangings are "Middlebury Blue." Only jarring note is the shabby brown rug, which, said Mrs. Powell, will be speedily removed upon the receipt of an oriental rug 15 feet square. Have you one to spare? The Language Schools office, third in the suite, is a summery green and the business office of the Language Schools, at the back, is cream.

Egad didn't get to the basement but, meeting Mr. Krantz, *chargé d'affaires*, on the stairs, he learned that there is a service room down there with steam and electrical entrances. The whole rehabilitation program, said Mr. Krantz, was made possible by the private gifts of certain anonymous trustees.

And what of Painter? Even as Egad was compiling his notes he was lifted bodily along with his typewriter and the rest of the staff and equipment of the Middlebury College Press and transferred to the opposite end of the corridor, theretofore occupied by the Women's College personnel. The bookstore is taking over the former registrar's offices and the rest of the floor will be turned back to the students as of 1816.

Football Forecast

There are a number of unknown factors in the football situation as we go to press. The military service has been kind to the team thus far although two or three good looking prospects have been taken. Wishinski and Prukop, co-captains, and Ouimette seem likely to be deferred until after graduation. Unless the latest registration garners some men of proven ability, Midd is likely to be more fortunate in this respect than her rivals, excepting Norwich where all students are exempt. The players of the opponents are generally older.

Lack of weight in the sophomore group as well as in the hold-over nucleus will be a handicap. Top ability with experience is limited to the two captains, and perhaps Ouimette and Cosgrove, ends. Of course, if Shea and Zydik had recovered, the coach would have had a pair of backs of outstanding ability.

The graduation losses were Berry and Crawford, ends; Captain Johnson, Van Gassbeck, and Bertuzzi, regular backs from the iron man backfield; Garland, Chapmann, and Hawes. Philip Mayo and Stephen Kedmenec would be regular tackles but the former has transferred, while Steve is slated to build an air base in the West Indies.

Six men have been lost from the freshman team for one reason or another. There remain a number of good linemen including Pepin, high scoring end. Backs are needed to fill the void left by graduation, ignoring the lack of reserves. Guarnaccia's team had six good, light backs. Hale, the quarterback, is out of college; Urban, fullback and captain is not eligible; Sheehan injured his knee skiing and may not play; Rooney may not have time after his job and studies are taken care of. This leaves Grant and Fleming for sure. Hollister, a tackle, will be tried at fullback because of his size, speed, and kicking ability. Bill Mayo can fill a position but the others will have to be developed.

Camp will begin a week earlier than usual because of the general situation but most of the boys cannot afford to leave their jobs so long before college convenes. Spirit and condition can do a lot. In any case the team will be in there fighting.

VARSITY SCHEDULE

Williams	Sept. 27
*Tufts	Oct. 4
Union	Oct. 10
*Colby	Oct. 18
*Norwich	Oct. 25
†Conn. State	Nov. 1
Coast Guard	Nov. 8
Vermont	Nov. 15

*Home Games
†New Game

Arts Festival

A 65-piece symphony orchestra; Jose Iturbi, conductor and concert pianist; Zlatko Balokovic, concert violinist; Doris Humphrey, Charles Weidman and Martha Graham, America's outstanding exponents of the Modern Dance; John Martin, New York *Times* dance critic; Virgil Thompson, composer; Louis Untermeyer, poet and anthologist; a string quartet; a string ensemble; an exhibition of the work of 132 artists; a one-act play by Molière; a Mozart operetta; a Welsh male choir; a troupe of Scottish pipers; folk-ballad singers. The features of an entire season at Carnegie Hall, Town Hall, and the Metropolitan Museum? Not at all. Merely part of the long and full weekend of July 24–26 in Middlebury, Vt.

Optimistically known as The First Annual Green Mountain Festival of the Arts, this potpourri of concentrated culture was presented by the Vermont State Symphony Orchestra in collaboration with the Bennington School of the Arts, as the superfeature of the Sesquicentennial.

This year Vermont became the first state to subsidize a symphony orchestra after the legislature had stopped the wheels of government for a concert in the Hall of Representatives, presented by Governor and Mrs. Wills. Each player, stripling or septaguanarian, is a citizen of the State; the director, Alan Carter of the College music department. The Bennington School of the Arts is a Vermont institution of growing prestige. Both orchestra and School are of sufficient stature to attract the collaboration of artists otherwise unconnected with Vermont, who contributed to the eminence of the Festival.

Thus it was that for a two dollar ticket, as many as the High School auditorium would hold every morning, afternoon, and evening, saw "The School of Wives" by Moliére and "The Impresario" by Mozart, presented by the School, and a fullsome program of American dance by Humphrey, Weidman, Graham, and their companies; heard Handel, Mendelssohn, Brahms, Beethoven, Dvorak, Haydn, Bach, Tschaikowsky, as rendered by the State Orchestra and its Little Symphonies and Training Groups, the Gordon String Quartet, the Bennington County Musical Association String Ensemble, M. Balokovic and Señor Iturbi. They heard, too, the Scottish Pipers of Barre, the Welsh Male Choir of Poultney, six old time Vermonters singing ballads of even older times under the direction of Helen Hartness Flanders, lectures by Martin, Thompson, and Untermeyer; saw, too, over 200 paintings, etchings and sculpture by artists who were born or now live in Vermont.

How much of a financial success the Festival proved itself to be is yet unknown. But it was no fiasco. Plans are already in progress for the Second Annual Festival.

Middleberries

There was a slang phrase, denoting extreme approbation and esteem, which was as much a part of the Post-Other War era as the shingle bob and the flopping golosh: "He's the berries." Its contemporary equivalent was "the cat's miaow"; later, Winchell started raising orchids, and goodness only knows what the hep-cats are saying today.

A challenge to the etymologist of folk speech is the complete antithesis between calling a man the plural and giving him the singular of the seedy fruit. We don't care, for our only concern is with the former connotation.

We bring the matter up at all only to explain the heading of the new department which capriciously rears its head with this issue. Until Lt. Lee returns to put a stop to all such nonsense, we shall welcome candidates of both sexes for the title–Middlebury graduates and officials who, by being or doing, have made substantial footprints elsewhere than in Addison County clay. Moreover, we shall welcome suggestions for another title, if anyone else besides us thinks our own in questionable taste. In fact, we hereby offer as a prize for the best suggestion received before November 1, a copy of a Middlebury College Press publication.

Book Shelf

If this issue of the NEWS LETTER seems to take a preponderant interest in the Middlebury College Press, it is because our left hand knows what our right hand is doing, and may be forgiven a congratulatory clasp.

Mr. Lee left two books on the fire when he went away in April, the *Bread Loaf Book of Plays* and *Footpath in the Wilderness*, and the concensus of expressed opinion seems to be that they weren't spoiled by too many cooks. This summer the Bread Loaf Printers, subsidized and supervised by the parent Press, added two handwrought volumes to the growing Middlebury bookshelf–the *Vermont Chap Book*, (see page 6), and *Orpheus and the Moon Craters* by Cedric Whitman, second in the Bread Loaf Poets series inaugurated last year by Florida Watts Smyth's *Only on the West Wind*.

Bread Loaf Book of Plays is to drama what *Bread Loaf Anthology* was to poetry–and it is printed and bound as a companion volume. Miss Hortense Moore, director of the Bread Loaf Little Theatre for the past dozen years, selected six outstanding Theatre presentations with an eye not only for amateur productions but also for playwriting classes,–above all, for sheer readability. Of the six plays, one is a dramatization of Robert Frost's poem, "Snow," and one an adapted dramatization of the Bible story of the Flood, both by Miss Moore; one a dramatization of Poe's "The Fall of the House of Usher," by Frederic Lansing Day. "Gruach," by Gordon Bottomley, is a poetic play about the romance and elopement of Macbeth and his Lady. To round out the picture, the collection includes finally a nineteenth century farce "The Widow: or Who Wins" by John Till Allingham, and a modern one-act comedy, "Happy the Bride," by Raymond Bosworth.

Miss Moore has introduced each play with copious notes passing on her solution of production problems. John Mason Brown has provided a characteristically cogent introduction. There are nine photographs of Bread Loaf stagings and a ground plan of each set.

But what makes the book a thing apart as far as play publishing is concerned are the 17 pages of musical scores for "The Fall of the House of Usher" and "The Widow: or Who Wins." Mrs. W. Storrs Lee and Dorothy Gifford Madden, '34, copied Mr. Day's musical settings for his dramatization and Donald Davidson's arrangements of the lyrics for the "Widow" by the rubber stamp process first developed by the Press for the latest Middlebury Song Book. The price is $3.00.

As if to prove its versatility, the Press produced almost simultaneously with this book for aesthetes, a rugged little volume for athletes–if only the armchair variety. *Footpath in the Wilderness*, combination hiker's handbook and history of "The Long Trail" that snakes north and south across the Green Mountains, is the product of eight authors, two editors, 15 photographers and cartographers,–a collaboration as gratuitously productive as the communal spirit which blazed and built the Long Trail in the first place and now keeps it in condition.

The authors, most of them claimed by the College as well as by Vermont, include Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Middlebury D. Litt, '21, who opens the book with "Hiker's Philosophy;" Richard L. Brown, our Associate Professor of English, writing on winter sports; Wallace Cady, '34, who read the rocks along the trail for his Columbia thesis in geology and kindly put his knowledge into layman's language; Robert C. Anderson, '40, who followed the Trail from end to end last summer to report details of the panorama.

James P. Taylor, secretary of the Vermont State Chamber of Commerce since 1922 and the first president of the Green Mountain Club, has provided the historical chapter on the blazing. Senator George D. Aiken, who began to cultivate wild flowers long before he tried to tame the Senate, has written of wild flowers and trees; Herbert Wheaton Congdon, author of "Old Vermont Houses" and "The Covered Bridge," has described from personal observation the indigenous birds and animals. Charles E. Crane, who once owned and edited the *Middlebury Register*, gives safe and practical advice on what to take on the trail and what to expect to find. Plus these are the Preface by Storrs Lee, 98 illustrations, three maps, and a durable khaki binding, all for $2.50.

Orpheus and the Moon Craters is scheduled for publication September 15. The author, a student of the classics at Harvard, won the Elinor Frost Scholarship at Bread Loaf this summer, where he was able to supervise the type-setting and read proof at the Log Cabin between classes. Bound in blue cloth over boards, with a silver label, to conform to the format of *Only on the West Wind*, the edition is limited to 300 copies, of which a number will be signed by the author. With or without the autograph, it will sell for $1.00 a copy.

VAN TINE

Kibitzer's Eye-View of the Moodys and Pattersons

Of Ballads and a Book

By The Editor

ARTHUR HEALY

Vermont Chap Book Illustration

THERE is something particularly gratifying to man's essential love of order about an anniversary. The cycle has made a full turn; the present and the past are demonstrably related. If the anniversary commemorates an event which took place a round number of years or decades ago, so much the better: we love round numbers.

The future what it is, or will be, the fact that Vermont, after a truculent reluctance which proved forever its right to the claim of sturdy independence, chose to join the Union 150 years ago–not as the last of fourteen states but as the first of thirty-five–gives lovers of democracy something to tie to. Democracy means The People, and The People have had their day in Vermont this summer past. Almost every town and hamlet in the state has had a share in the pageantry and festivals and speechifying.

When Middlebury College looked around for something to contribute to the general celebration, the search was over almost before it had started. The college itself was younger than the state, but in its archives, thanks to a series of fortunate although fortuitous circumstances, was a treasure which made the choice inevitable.

In the Starr Library reposes a priceless collection of songs, embracing the rich and extensive field of folk-ballads and folk-tunes indigenous to the Green Mountains. These songs, known at the Library of Congress and among scholars and antiquaries as the Helen Hartness Flanders Collection, had just been entrusted to Middlebury by Mrs. Flanders herself, principally because Middlebury has the oldest department of American literature in the country and because the American Ballad has been long a part of the curriculum of the Bread Loaf School of English.

Further, the Bread Loaf Printers, the graphic arts yearling at the Bread Loaf School, was looking for material to set by hand in the print shop during the summer session. Moreover and above all, the print shop was a log cabin, and it was in log cabins scattered across the granite slopes of these very Green Mountains that so many of the ballads in the collection had their spontaneous composition, or their first appreciation.

Since the Bread Loaf Printers were to set the type by hand, a letter at a time, the publication must be limited to 64 pages. There were over 1600 songs in the collection. The choice, to be appropriate, must be narrowed, however, to songs composed by Vermonters, or having a local setting. Furthermore, since printing the musical scores was out of the question, only the ballads with tunes unknown could be fairly presented. The possibilities still involved embarrassing richness and it was with grudging self-control that the ballads were finally chosen for publication. Mrs. Flanders gracefully agreed to write the historical notes and Arthur Healy, Middlebury artist and architect, provided a period illustration in the manner of the wood cut for each ballad. And Donald Davidson, whose course in the American Ballad at Bread Loaf had in a way made all this possible, wrote the preface. The book, bound in a cloth as nearly like homespun as possible, was given the title "Vermont Chap Book," with the subtitle, in the discursive style of 150 years ago, "A Garland of Ten Folk Ballads as they were sometime known to the People of Vermont and as they now repose in the Helen Hartness Flanders Collection in the Middlebury College Library." It sells for $1.50.

And what of the Helen Hartness Flanders Collection itself, which makes available to students of folk literature and lovers of music the songs passed on by word of mouth and learned by ear generation after generation, some since

the days of Henry VIII? It is the distinguished nucleus of what will, according to present plans, become a definitive collection of spontaneous and traditional folk-music in New England.

In its present state, the collection includes nearly 2000 folk songs and fiddle tunes, transcribed on disc records and dictaphone cylinders, as well as typed copies of all texts, derived from the recordings or submitted by correspondents. There are items from many states where Yankees and "Yorkers" have migrated and from across the Atlantic, whence they came. Here are very old hymns with folk alterations, a few singing-school items of especial New England interest, singing games and counting-out songs, country dance "calls," stage songs, and several poems (like Dr. Holmes' "Song of the Vermonters") which the folk made their own, setting them in a tune of their choosing and changing them to suit their own experience or locale.

Ballad Singer and Mrs. Flanders

Miss Marguerite Olney, who served as Mrs. Flanders' assistant for two years and whose memory is stored with tunes and lines from the ballads, came to Middlebury with the Collection to serve as its curator and to supplement Mrs. Flanders' work as field-collector where untouched treasures still await the appreciative prospector. A native Vermonter and a graduate of the Eastman School of Music, Miss Olney has studied at Washington University, the New York School of Social Work, and the Dalcroze School of Music. Last fall and winter she assisted in arranging the famous Phillips Barry Collection of balladry for Harvard. Mrs. Flanders, to whose understanding, enthusiasm, unstinted labors, and generosity Middlebury owes this unique acquisition, is Vermont representative of the International Commission of Folk Arts, chairman of the Committee on Folk Music and Folk Festivals of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, archivist of Vermont Traditional Music, and wife of the president of a Springfield, Vt. machine company and of the New England Council.

Fiddler and Miss Olney HUBAN

A well-known Middlebury graduate instigated the collection of this folk material. In 1930, Arthur Wallace Peach, '09, heading the Committee on Traditions and Ideals of the Vermont Commission on Country Life, induced Mrs. Flanders to undertake the task of recording the material while those who remembered the ballads and fiddle tunes of the earliest settlers still survived. At that time, Mrs. Flanders admits, she had never heard a traditional ballad sung in Vermont. The thrill of the chase was soon in her blood, however: for the first month or so her investigations were financed by the Committee; she worked thereafter on her own. "There is no precedent for what each day may bring to a collector of old ballads," Mrs. Flanders says. "There is no avoiding the crowding potentialities of each day. Desire in this quest mounts readily to passion. The fascination of this lore continues; its excitement is cumulative."

The quest during the next decade took her over thousands of miles of highway and rutted country lanes, up the mountains and through the valleys of Vermont. Beside her on the car seat were the dictaphone, address books, looseleaf notebooks. Within her, the high anticipation of discovery. Sometimes she made her find in a small mountain home; another lode would be tapped in the paneled drawing-room of a cosmopolite. Country gaffers and college professors alike added to her hoard: anyone who was so fortunate as to have heard and remembered the old-time tunes, or whose attic held a yellowed record of the words. Correspondence with collectors and contributors around the globe piled high.

At the beginning of her search, Mrs. Flanders had the assistance of George Brown, concert 'cellist of Melrose,

Mass., who set down in notes the songs he heard. Selections obtained through his collaboration are included in "Vermont Folk Songs and Ballads," first printed in 1931 and now distributed by Professor Peach. Subsequent collections prepared by Mrs. Flanders were published in the next two years: "A Garland of Green Mountain Songs" (distributed by A. W. Peach) and "Country Songs from Vermont" (G. Schirmer) for which songs Miss Helen Norfleet made piano settings. In 1939, "The New Green Mountain Songster" (Yale University Press) added some hundred more songs available in print. Now that Miss Olney is to take over a share of the field work, as well as the musical transcription of the songs already obtained, Mrs. Flanders intends to continue the compilation of another anthology of the most engaging and entertaining songs in the Archive.

At Mrs. Flanders' invitation, Alan Lomax, Assistant Archivist of American Folk Music at the Library of Congress and an ardent and tireless field-worker, came into Vermont for a week in 1939 with excellent recording equipment furnished by the Library of Congress. He visited addresses secured by Mrs. Flanders, and gathered an amazing number of songs and many friendships. The Library of Congress generously presented duplicates of these recordings to the Archive of Vermont Folk Music and has offered to make up an album of Vermont records so that the songs will be available to the public, should the demand arise.

Just what does Mrs. Flanders foresee as the future of her collection now that it reposes in the Starr Library? Certainly that it *has* a future. And just as certainly that it shall not long repose. By the very nature of ballads as a type of folk literature, which seem to mushroom especially on sudden death or disaster, on community scandal, or on arduous occupations from the sea to lumber camps, it seems likely that the wealth of material is too rich to be soon exhausted. Old recipe books, diaries, letters, ledgers, broadsides, and hymnals will continue to contribute to the collection: for often these tuneless treasures are the keys to the greatest finds.

But while Miss Olney continues to make recordings and to increase the volume of her meticulous transcriptions, (in which every shading and quaver of the singer's voice is scrupulously noted), the collection as it stands is to be *used*. She will welcome correspondence with anyone who is teased by a fragment and wishes a complete ballad. She will receive warmly any student who wishes to examine the ballads for their own sakes, or to find light to illuminate another subject.

Mrs. Flanders thus explains the purpose behind her gift:

"Until February, 1941, the Archive had 'never been to college.' However, from New England colleges, students who were preparing theses, as well as scholars and collectors in this field of research, had come to visit it. Its academic usefulness was plain. Also previous to its removal there had been a lively correspondence with writers and collectors in the British Isles, interested in our versions of songs they find preserved among the English, Scottish, and Irish singers. All of this activity should continue at Middlebury.

"But what will be its especial contribution to the college itself? At Middlebury I think the ballad should teach the ballad; the fiddle tunes should teach the fiddle tunes–as has always been true from one generation to another. Middlebury seems the proper place for this culture. Among other reasons, the Folk Music Collection should be available to students of the course in the American Ballad, so scientifically and engagingly conducted at the Bread Loaf School of English by Dr. Donald Davison. His achievement invites a most wholehearted cooperation and generosity with all-out aid. In few colleges in the country do students sing the literature they are studying and hear sung, now and then, valuable ballads by singers of the region who learned it *just* as traditionally as did the folk from whom the old printed ballad anthologies were made up. To such Literature students the ballad becomes a living matter. It will be adopted also in courses of Music, History, and possibly the Social Sciences.

"It would be simple enough to prepare from the collection a course presenting early riddle ballads and those dealing with belief in the supernatural, passing on to the 'Robin Hood Ballads,' to 'Henry V's Conquest of France' (Agincourt in 1415), to the period of sea-fights like 'Andrew Bardeen' (during the reign of Henry the VIII), and 'The Golden Vanity' (Elizabethan period); then to take up the Border frays and romances along the Cattrail; then, tavern songs and the times of pressgang sailors, factors, etc.; on to many of the European songs later treasured in America in the lumber camps and along the canals by the [*Continued on page 19*]

Low-Down on Lee

By Frank W. Cady

It is not often that a periodical has an opportunity to give its readers the low-down on its editor. But Mr. Lee has departed for service in the navy and Mrs. Walsh, who is carrying on in his absence, has asked me to give to readers of the News Letter the facts about him. I feel honored to have been asked to do this for the sake of the many who do not know him personally. At Middlebury we take him for granted, I am afraid, and accept as a matter of course the many things he has done to make attractive the appeal of the College to its alumni and friends.

All the readers of the News Letter and of the books issued by the College Press know Mr. Lee indirectly. His personality is revealed in the materials issued from his office; in their increasing beauty of design, as well as in their highly interesting content. The evidence they give of his skill and good taste must have aroused an interest in many readers in the man himself. Only yesterday, for instance, a reader of the News Letter, who receives at least half a dozen alumni magazines from as many institutions, because of a rather varied educational experience, and whom I casually met, said that the News Letter was the best of them all, and that she always read it from cover to cover.

Mr. Lee has been connected with the College directly or indirectly for all but one year since he entered as a freshman in the fall of 1924. After his graduation in 1928 he held the Dutton Fellowship for one year, which he spent studying in Oxford and travelling on the continent. This, of course, kept up his Middlebury connection. Before being called back to the College as editor in 1930, he was instructor in English at Norwich Free Academy, Norwich, Conn., the only year of estrangment from his Alma Mater.

His return to Middlebury in 1930 was the real beginning of his career. The record of these years is a story of diversified activities not usual in the quiet of academic halls. He has made of his editorship the means for a wide development of interests bearing upon it and enriching it in many ways. He has found multifarious outlets for his intellectual and physical energies. He has taken to himself a wife, and they have two most interesting sons. He has built him a house, largely with his own hands. He has written numerous articles for newspapers, magazines, and technical journals. He has taken a leading part in advancing the cause of the Sheldon Museum and has turned his antiquarian tastes toward the writing of two most interesting histories: FATHER WENT TO COLLEGE and STAGECOACH NORTH; the first about Middlebury College and the second a fascinating narrative of Middlebury village life before the coming of the railroad. Beside all this he has taken time for further European travel, which brought him one of life's richest rewards, and for tours in southern and western states. He has also become a very skillful amateur photographer, especially of Vermont landscapes.

In the midst of all these activities he has shown keen interest in the many educational problems which have come up for faculty consideration during the past ten years and has himself posed some of the most vital. It is in this field that he has written a guide to the curriculum, "To College with A Purpose," which has been of great assistance in advising students about their courses. This is, possibly, the most practical of the highly interesting suggestions in regard to the curriculum which he has advanced. Nor must it be forgotten that during President Moody's recent absence from the College he was one head of the three-headed presidency which directed its affairs.

After this catalogue of activities beyond the scope of actual editorship, you will be justified in wondering where this so-called "editor" found time for his job. Even in this more limited sphere, the one for which he has received his salary, he has not been idle, but has been carrying on all the multiplied activities it involves. He has designed all the college publications, choosing type, illustrations, paper, ink. He has written and re-written much of the material, read proof,

PROFESSOR CADY was the logical author of this article, not because he is a fraternity brother of Lt. Lee, nor a fellow Oxonian, not because he is a veteran News Letter contributor, not because as a scholar of English literature he knows good books from bad and therefore appreciates all Middlebury College Press publications. His claim to this distinction grows out of his membership in that select and discriminating circle of faculty known as "The Fans of Little Orphan Annie," who, no matter how pressing their professional duties, visit the Middlebury College Press offices every week-day morning to learn from the Rutland *Herald* the current fate or fortune of their heroine. It may be said that Professor Cady has absorbed the facts included in his article by the process of osmosis: his appreciation of those facts was thus inevitable.

cared for the advertising, and acted as general advisor of students and college officials in their own publication problems. He has had the further distinction, as editor, of developing the Middlebury College Press for the "publication of New England material," and "the scholarly work of staff members, alumni, and summer language school students." Its value has already been proved in its present book list and in the highly artistic format of the books themselves. All this would have been an adventure impossible of being imagined at the beginning of his service as editor. It was one of the results of his whole attitude toward his job. Out of nothing very much more than a routine chore, which someone had to do, he made something of great value to the College. His patience in learning its technique and his canniness in sensing its possibilities has matched his own growth in experience and in the range of his intellect. The development has been rapid because the groundwork has been well laid and the opportunities have been courageously seized. There has been no basking in academic shades in a life like this.

The detailing of these activities does not present a complete picture. I have myself gone in and out of Mr. Lee's office during these years and have seen something taking place there which I have hardly words to describe. I have been witnessing a burgeoning of intellectual power and of personality, which has handled all problems with finesse and all people with tact. I know something of the problems which have arisen; his certainty as to what he wished to accomplish and the delicacy with which he has drawn opposition around to his point of view and shaped mis-directed effort to the accomplishment of his purpose. To this the NEWS LETTER is an eloquent witness. Men have written for the NEWS LETTER what they conceived he wished and have found themselves in print the authors of what he knew he wished; and it has been so tactfully done that they were proud of themselves all the time.

This is our editor's record: a record of a decade of service to the college and the community; a record of hard work, high character, and sheer ability which promises most highly for the future when the present emergency has passed and he can return to the work which he loves.

Responsible Thinking

By DR. HU-SHIH

WHAT is the distinctive mark of a university man or woman? Most educators would probably agree that it is a more or less trained mind,–a more or less disciplined way of thinking,–which distinguishes, or ought to distinguish, the recipient of a higher education.

A person with a trained mind looks at things critically, objectively, and with proper intellectual tools. He does not permit his prejudices and personal interests to color his views and influence his judgment. He is all the time curious, but he is never easily credulous. He does not rush to a hasty conclusion, nor does he lightly echo other people's opinions. He prefers to suspend judgment until he has had time to examine the facts and the evidences.

A trained mind, in short, is one that has been disciplined to be a little incredulous, to be a little suspicious towards the easy snares of prejudice, dogmatism, and blind acceptance of tradition and authority. At the same time a trained mind is never merely negative or destructive. It does not doubt for the sake of doubting; nor does it think "all words are suspect and all judgments phony." It doubts in order to believe, in order to establish or re-establish belief on the firmer foundation of evidence and sound reasoning.

Your four years of study, research, and laboratory work must have taught you some such habits of thinking independently, judging objectively, reasoning methodically, and believing evidentially. These are, and should be, the distinctive marks of a college man or a college woman. It is these characteristics which may make you appear "different" and "queer," and which sometimes may make you unpopular, unwelcome, and even shunned and ostracized by the majority of the people in your community.

Nevertheless, these somewhat troublesome

DR. HU-SHIH, who delivered the commencement address from which this essay was excerpted, has been Chinese Ambassador to the United States since 1939. A graduate of Cornell University, with a Ph.D. from Columbia, he taught philosophy and English literature in Chinese universities and was chairman of the Shanghai Conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations. He is the author of numerous works in Chinese and in English.

traits are the very things which your alma mater would be most proud to have inculcated in you during the years of your sojourn here. More than your academic degree and your technical knowledge and skill in your specialized calling, these habits of intellectual discipline are the very things which, if I am not mistaken, it is your duty to cultivate in college and to carry home from these grounds and continue to practice and develop in all your life and activities.

Because thinking is often a matter of daily and hourly need, it most easily degenerates into carelessness, indifference and routine. The college graduate, after leaving behind him his laboratories and libraries, often feels that he has had enough hard work and laborious thinking, and is now entitled to a kind of intellectual holiday. He may be too busy or too lazy to keep up the little intellectual discipline he has barely learned but not yet fully mastered. He may not like to be marked out as a college-bred "high-brow." He may find relief and even delight in baby talk and crowd reactions. At any rate, the college graduate, after leaving college, is subject to the most common danger of slipping back to sluggish and easy-going ways of thinking and believing.

The most difficult problem for the university man or woman, after leaving college, therefore, is how to continue to cultivate and master the laboratory and research attitude and technique of mind so that they may pervade his or her daily thought, life and activities.

There is no general formula which can serve as a safeguard against such relapse. But I am tempted to offer a simple device which has been found useful to myself and to some of my own students and friends.

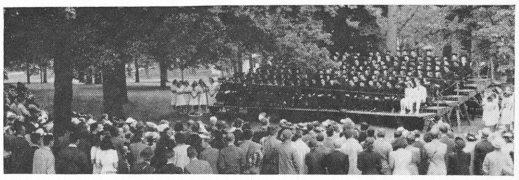
I would like to suggest that every college graduate should have one or two or more problems sufficiently interesting and intriguing as to demand his attention, study, research or experimentation. All scientific achievement, as you all know, has come from problems that happen to have caught the curiosity and the imagination of a particular observer. It is not true that intellectual interest cannot be kept up without well-equipped libraries or laboratories. What laboratory and library equipment had Archimedes, Galileo, Newton, Faraday, or even Darwin or Pasteur? To any one of these men, what was necessary was some intriguing problem which aroused his curiosity, defied his understanding and challenged him to seek its solution. That challenge, that defiance, was enough to lead him on to collect materials, correlate observations, devise tools and build up simple but adequate experiments and laboratories. In these days of well-equipped laboratories and museums, we can still stunt our intellectual growth simply by not taking interest in some challenging but inspiring problems.

After all, four years of college education do not give us more than a peep into the vast realm of knowledge, explored and unexplored. Whatever subject we have majored in should not give us such a feeling of self-complacency as to think that there is no problem left unsolved in our particular field. He who leaves the gates of his Alma Mater without one or two intellectual problems to accompany him home and to haunt him from time to time in his waking hours, is intellectually dead.

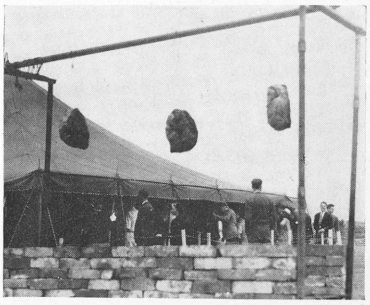
This little device of always having a few intriguing problems to challenge you, serves many a purpose. It keeps alive your intellectual interest throughout life. It opens up new avocational interests, new hobbies. It lifts your daily life above the level of routine and drudgery. It often gives you a delightful taste of that intellectual rapture when you, in the stillness of the night, suddenly succeed in solving one of your difficult pet problems and feel like waking up your household and shouting at them "Eureka! Eureka!"

But the most important use of this practice of problem-seeking and problem-solving lies in its serving to train our faculties, to sharpen our wits, and thereby to thoroughly master the laboratory and research method and technique. The mastery of the technique of thinking may lead you to achieve original intellectual heights. But at the same time it should also gradually pervade your life and make you a better judge in the performance of your daily activities. It should make you a better citizen, a more intelligent voter, a more enlightened reader of the newspapers and a more competent critic of current events, national or international.

This training is most important to you, because you are citizens and voters in a democracy. You are living in a time of soul-stirring and heart-rending events, of wars that threaten to destroy the very foundation of your government and civilization. And you are swamped on all sides by powerful water-tight ideologies, subtle propaganda, and willful falsifications of history. In this whirlwind kind of world, you are expected to form your judg- [*Continued on page 19*]

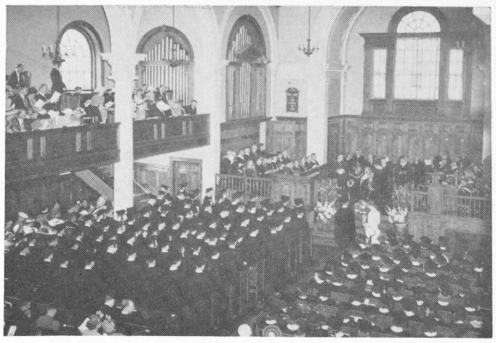


1941

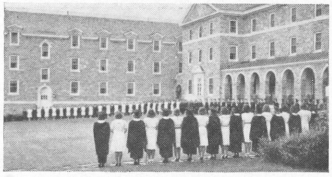


Everyone who ever attended a Middlebury Commencement has viewed t
1941, is therefore presented as a memory tickler. *Upper left*: former Govern
leads them in song. *Next to Mr. Weeks*: Dr. Moody confers an honorary deg
H. Noonan, the Honorable Ellsworth C. Lawrence, the Reverend David W
Baccalaureate and Commencement speakers. *To the right*: the class of '41 c
pants, and audience. *Third row*: the faculty procession; "Fleecing the Gr
Planting. *Fourth row, left to right*: Professor Bryant receives his pewter platter
the hams that still am; Meecham, Bryant, and Pettengill; after the ball was
Below: thirty years after, and forty years after. Indoor photos by GOVE; outd

COMMENC



1941



d the equivalent of these scenes. This pictorial synopsis of June 13–16, ernor Weeks addresses the Barbecue throng. *Upper right*: Dick Fear, '31, degree on Olin Dow Gay while Hilda Belcher, the Honorable Thomas id W. Reid, and Dr. Hu-Shih await theirs in the background. *Center top*: 41 commences to commence. *Second row, left and right*: Class Day partici- e Greeks" at the Barbecue; the Senior Ball; the Cane Ceremony; Tree atter from Alumni President Wright; "weighing in" before the Barbecue; was over; Baccalaureate procession; President Moody and Judge Noonan. outdoor photos by HUBAN.

ICEMENT

But You've Got to Like It

By Malcolm Freiberg

Weather-wise Vermonters told him to build his house below the brow of the hill. But the young man shook his head at them, saying nothing but thinking the while of the superb view that he could not afford to forego. And thereby hangs a tale.

The young man in question is Theodore H. ("Ted") Zaremba, '30, Executive Secretary of the Language Schools, and of late Lecturer at Middlebury in a course in Accounting that threatens to become popular, despite the stiff assignments regularly handed out. Graduated from college at the bottom of the late depression, he found himself with a job with a telephone company, then found himself without it. By hard work and a break, he landed his present position and has been at it since. But there is more to it than this.

Fifteen miles southwest of Middlebury, in Shoreham, was an apple orchard of some 30 acres, with a barn and a house, both classic examples of the kind of weather-beaten buildings that only Vermont is not ashamed to tolerate. The orchard was young, but with sweat and tears would one day yield good annual crops; the house was not beyond hope. Should he take it? It would mean work, but he took the place; as with many another Vermonter (i.e., Vermonter by adoption) the solid handsomeness of the state was now part of him.

It would mean plenty of work, too. Weekends, for ages past the period for rest, would be for him a time for work. A strenuous week of work in the office was manfully topped off with a strenuous week-end of toil in the country. Four a.m. risings and after midnights retirings were not to be uncommon. And one banner winter not a week-end of work was missed between Thanksgiving and Easter, not excepting Christmas and New Year's. It took heroic staying power, but the liking of it helped. And five years of pleasant retrospect make the results seem worth the effort.

But there was this business of the house. The day would come when a hilltop home would not be sheltered enough. And, being a scant mile from Lake Champlain, the ridge, by virtue of the stormy winds that blow, could easily be the most shiveringly damp area in the region. Enough! The view would be worth the discomfort.

The chimney and fireplace came first. A local contractor, some native limestone, and many patient hours with mortar and plumb-bob yielded results to be happy over. Now, the first step taken, there was much to be done. This place would be a home, and that meant hours of plans and work.

But it meant, also, learning things empirically, commonly called the hard way. The fellow who won his Phi Beta Kappa key stood aside, in frank amazement, as a Vermont farmer improvised repairs for a tractor with a bolt and a piece of wire. One had to be frugal, and to use one's wits. Outside aid could be called upon only when one's own resources were exhausted. So the young man did the things never taught in college (e.g., how to drive a nail *straight*). Finer details–and

Malcolm Freiberg, '41, late managing editor of the *Campus* and last president of the now defunct English Club, has spent the summer, while waiting the call of employment by private citizen or Uncle Sam, as the Zarembas' glorified hired man. Mowing the apple orchard, chipping shale, painting the combination garage and packing house, testing thrice daily the cuisine, he acquired, along with a handsome tan, the facts and philosophy of homesteading in Vermont.

September, 1936

October, 1936

there were many, so runs the testimony–were achieved only after much practice.

They don't build houses these days (should the sentence end there?) with twelve-inch beams. But this 100 year-old place had them. The clapboards could be used for firewood, but not so the rest of the building. The beams and original slate roof are still to be seen. Little else remains. In the cellar a stubborn ledge of shale demanded blasting before a concrete floor could be poured. A first floor of five rooms boasts now but two; a kitchen that invariably makes visiting housewives gasp with delight, and a great, big, L-shaped living and dining room. A refinished antique chest of drawers, a built-in corner cabinet, wood paneling–these don't begin to state the inventory. And upstairs are the bedrooms–one a honey in pine paneling–a linen closet big enough to store guests, and another room yet to be completed. The day's work is never done, and that seems the charm of the place.

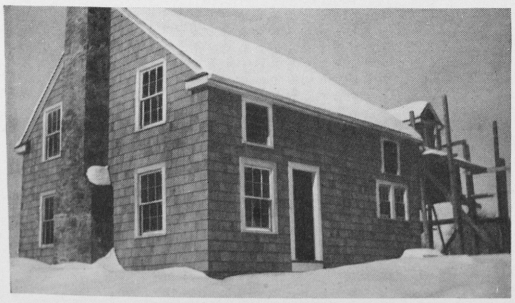
And, after five years, much to be done: a combination garage and packing house to be finished before this year's apple picking starts, two terraces to make, the porch to be screened, and lawn and flower garden to worry the young Mrs. Zaremba (she the former Beatrice M. Lindgren, '37, a Home Economics instructor at Middlebury, bride of a year, *and* a swell cook), the barn to be torn down, etc., etc. And, of course, the orchard gives a worry or two now and then.

It is interesting to note that Forest Hall and Painter Hall have taken themselves to the country, too. When Middlebury's original college edifice was fireproofed a few years back, some of the old timbers were still serviceable, after more than a century of service. These were bought when taken from Painter; today they form floor joists for the porch floor. When there was a surplus of limestone used in the construction of the Women's College newest and largest dormitory, this, too, was purchased, and today it waits to be used for terrace facing. Work, then, has two meanings: physical labor and economic foresightedness.

But there are compensations: physical toil means tan and sound sleep; satisfaction derived from execution of necessary tasks cannot be transferred into words; and there is Vermont weather.

Weather can be seen in the making, and is something to be revelled in. Even the ice of winter, the slush of spring, the sun of summer, and the nipping cold of late fall–all these can be a delight if the spirit is strong and willing. This hilltop in Vermont looks west across Champlain to the emergency airport at Ticonderoga, and beyond to the Adirondacks. To the east, on a clear day, can be seen Mansfield, Camel's Hump, Lincoln's three peaks, Bread Loaf, and so on down to Rutland. These, too, can be a delight; again the spirit must be strong and willing.

And that is most needed. The romance of Rousseau wears off in a few days–so testifies the author–after the first blisters are raised. But, above it all and beyond it all, there is the healthy and happy satisfaction of finding a way of life that yields big dividends. It may be that five years will see the place looking as the young owners would like to see it. It may not be, however. Headaches are many and headaches are big, but who will complain of life's major difficulties where there are sunsets that are never alike (but all equally glorious), when the cat proudly drops his latest mouse onto the kitchen floor for appraisal, when home-made root-beer turns out just right, when . . .? Why complain, indeed? No one will, but you've got to like it.



December, 1936

March, 1941

The Yearling

By Margaret C. Moist

Last summer the baby "printery" throve heartily on all the attention and admiration justly accorded any new-born infant. Now it has arrived at the teething stage and must demonstrate to a somewhat skeptical family whether it is going to remain a prodigy and cut something special, or merely be content with the usual array of dentures. Of course, everyone takes for granted that the "little stranger" has come to stay. But the question still remains: now that the period of novelty has expired, will the child be able to hold attention with new antics, or will he retire bashfully behind the parental apron and permit his individuality to merge with that of the Family? A hasty perusal of weight charts, growth curves, and dietary progress suggests a very promising future for our little offspring.

Considered externally, it is the same little log cabin–except that the swath of meadow in its immediate dooryard has been mowed, and mowed, and cut, and raked till it is practically a lawn. Who knows? In another year, the low flying aviator may discern upon its sloping sward the significant letters B L P in proud clipped hedgery.

Also, no one can deny the moral influence upon our youthful "printery" of a water hydrant of its own. There is something more than play in the splashing of piped water into the large china washbowl, or onto the marble slab which supports that washbowl. And if one can blow bubbles through his hands with the strong lava soap, he is none the less getting his hands washed –and without a long trip up to the Inn, as was necessary a year ago. Here again one pauses to speculate upon the future. Will it be a fully equipped bathroom complete with showers, or a Hollywood swimming pool in the gully? In the meantime, perhaps it will be a roofed-in porch where students may work (and wash hands) even on a rainy day.

Considered externally, the little "printery" could do with more artificial illumination. Central over-heads, desk lamps, wall lamps, and bed lamps suffice for the very young, but the growing child must be guarded against wrinkles and squints if his beauty is to be maintained. Well placed fluorescents are decidedly in order, and hoped for in the near future.

As to the progress and continued popularity of the little codger, one could dilate at length. Perhaps it is enough to point out his great gain in speed. Whereas, in his initial season he was barely able to set up two books, which were then printed subsequently, this year he will have set *and* printed both books himself–the "Vermont Chap Book" being bound and returned in time to be sold in-the-concrete. Cedric Whitman's volume entitled "Orpheus and the Moon Craters and Other Poems" will have to be marketed sight-unseen. Perhaps, in some future season, both volumes can be completed early. But, on second thought, this does not seem like a very good idea, for what would the "printery" do then? Obviously, embark on a third volume which in its turn would have to appear post-seasonously.

Parents and child fanciers will, no doubt, wish to learn more about the new methods which have made such phenomenal progress possible. At the expense of becoming too technical, we nevertheless feel it our duty to explain that only three lessons precede the stage of actual type setting, namely: a stanza of poetry, prose justification, and centering, each followed, of course, by a neat little aftermath of distributing. To the skeptic who asserts that this is insufficient preparation, we can only maintain that we can, and do, do it this way. (Remember, this is a graduate school!) People even pay fees for the privilege of nurturing the infant. Doesn't that attest to his charm and allurement?

In case the highly technical language of the preceding paragraph should befuddle, rather than enlighten, our readers, we hasten to re-create a typical scene in the little Log Cabin where an extra-curricular session is in progress under the able guidance and tutilage of good old "Grandpappy" DeWitt (as he is sometimes

---

The Bread Loaf School of English began printing the work of its students in 1928 in a series of folders still available at $1.00 a dozen. Ten years later the Middlebury College Press was launched with the publication of the Bread Loaf Anthology. Last summer the Press parented the graphic arts workshop known as the Bread Loaf Printers. Which was the chicken and which the egg thus remains a moot point, but not so important now that both are well past the pinfeather stage. Miss Moist, a graduate of Indiana University and a high school teacher of English at Mishawaka, Indiana, helped launch the Printers last year while winning her master's degree at Bread Loaf; this year she is assistant to Frank DeWitt, master printer.

called by his loving students who have just returned from a Ripton square dance and somehow confuse him with the caller.) We believe it will be unnecessary to indicate which words are spoken by a novice and which by Mr. DeWitt, but in case you need a hint, Mr. DeWitt is awfully fond of capitals. (Pardon–UPPER CASE.)

Bread Loaf Printers HUBAN

"How do you set this *thing?*"

"STICK."

"Do I *start* with one or two of *these square things?*"

"Two ems INDENTION–EM QUADS!"

"Oh, mine's full. Shall I take it out and put it in one of those *pans?*"

"GALLEYS!"

"What would happen if I pulled out one of these drawers . . ."

"CASES!"

". . . too far?"

"PI ! ! !"

"What's *pi?*"

"*That* would be PI."

"Would I have to pick it all up and *sort* it all out?"

"DISTRIBUTE."

"What happens in big print shops?"

"That depends. If they had a printer's DEVIL, he would have to pick up your pied type and distribute it. As for me, I usually sweep it up and throw it into the HELL BOX."

"Oh, Mr. DeWitt!"

And so it goes, with many visitors each day. Most of them are members of the family who drop in to marvel at the progress of "little brother," but occasionally comes a pilgrim from the outside world to verify the tales he has heard concerning this wonder child. Only once in a very great while, there appears that rare individual who has never so much as heard of the Bread Loaf Printers. Catching sight of the cabin by the road, he slams on his brakes and calls, "Hey! Is this where you get fishing permits?"

Spanish Class

German Dance

French Play

Italian Picnic Photos by HUBAN

Middleberries

Flemington, N. J., will be forever connected with one of the most horrendous crimes in social history, and with the subsequent Saturnalia of the Press which still leaves a dark brown taste with those who remember the orgy.

When the stuffy courtroom was cleared, the special lines pulled down, the sadists belling off to other prey, the town returned to something like normal, and **D. Howard Moreau**, '20, swept the littered cigarette stubs out of his office and went back to publishing and editing the *Hunterdon County Democrat*–circulation, 4,450.

Moreau had acquired the *Democrat* in June, 1922. In the two years between graduation and this momentous purchase, he worked for the New York Telephone Company, the Oneonta (N.Y.) *Daily Star*, the Freehold (N.J.) *Transcript*. By the time the Lindbergh trial started, he was also owner and publisher of the Delaware Valley *News*, a member of the New Jersey State Board of Education, a director of the Hunterdon County National Bank. Three years ago, he was elected president of the New Jersey Press Association.

Wrote Arthur Brisbane, on the opening day of the trial, in 1934,

> One interesting spectator in the courtroom, influential with every official, was D. H. Moreau, editor of the *Hunterdon County Democrat*, published in Flemington.
>
> William Randolph Hearst and others that always look for good *young* newspaper men, please observe that there is a first class young editor with a job not big enough for him in Flemington, N. J.
>
> D. H. Moreau looks like Senator Medill McCormick used to look when he was young, and at his best.
>
> To be young, thin and keen gray-eyed, possessing a mind that works without friction, is a blessing. It comes sometimes, but does not remain.

Seven years later, Moreau is still working at the job which may not be "big enough for him" but which certainly suits him to a T. *Vide* his article "Country Journalism" in the NEWS LETTER of March, 1934: "It is real fun to write one's views on a local matter and to speculate on the reaction, usually to be disappointed when there is none, but occasionally to cherish the belief that one's thoughts give impetus to others' actions."

Vide also the judgment of the National Editorial Association, which has awarded first prize for General Excellence among weekly newspapers of over 1,000 circulation in 1941 to the *Hunterdon County Democrat*.

While this award must give no small satisfaction to Editor Moreau, since it is based on format, style,–the presentation of content–as judged by his newspaper peers, he may take even greater pride in the survey of reader interest made among his subscribers by the Rutgers University Department of Journalism. The survey, by personal interview, shows that the paper, from masthead to obituaries, is thoroughly read, and by as many as five people for each subscriber. What's more, 99 out of every 100 readers scan the editorial page–a record the New York *Times* may envy. Only the page of social items and runovers from Page One gets more attention. Moreau's own column, "The Periscope," which, in the two issues of the paper we have seen, scans the horizon through a polished lens that brooks no bluffs, is read by half the men and three quarters of the women. Republicans and Democrats alike, regardless of the paper's name, may find the editor calling them as he sees them in accordance with the slogan on the masthead "An Independent Newspaper, Dedicated to the Principles of True Democracy–Not a Party Organ."

Mr. Moreau will know how much of this credit he must share with **Alan Painter**, '33, his assistant editor.

To those who believe that science and art won't mix, we present as proof to the contrary, **James M. D. Olmsted**, '07, chairman of the Physiology Division of the University of California Medical School, who this summer showed a one-man exhibit of water colors at the San Francisco Museum of Art.

Of the exhibit, wrote the art critic of the Oakland *Post*, Betty Townsend,

> The scholarly approach is evident in the careful design, the balance of color and the selection of subject matter. The unhesitating, direct way Olmsted goes about his work is typical of the "executive-type" personality.
>
> But more apparent is the freedom, the daring use of pure color, and the disregard for detail which is characteristic of the artist who is expressing his own feelings and who does what he does because he loves it.
>
> For Olmsted is almost entirely self-taught–as far as art is concerned, that is. In his own field his educational background is nothing short of amazing. . . . Olmsted's favorite subjects are landscapes with figures in action. Many of the water colors on exhibit at the museum of art were done on his frequent trips to Europe. He uses fairly dry brush and paper and almost pure color to avoid muddiness which, he claims, is almost inevitable when you start mixing colors. He leaves shadows indicating the time of day to the photographers but is concerned with the changing color effects and patterns brought about by time changes. Olmsted never works by "inspiration" but studies his locale carefully and returns to it after thinking about it. He plans his design thoroughly but once he starts painting he works swiftly and never touches the painting again after it is completed.

Dr. Olmsted received his Middlebury degree in chemistry and after a year as vice-principal and science teacher in a small high school, went to Oxford University as a Rhodes Scholar for a Master's degree in chemistry. After four years of college teaching in the south, he enrolled as an Austin teaching fellow at Harvard. Here the War diverted his scholarship to the biological laboratories of an army base hospital and the Sanitary Corps. Mustered out of service in 1919, he returned to Harvard for his Ph.D., and then joined the physiology department of the University of Toronto. In 1927, he was called to the University of California as professor of Physiology.

According to Miss Townsend, Dr. Olmsted first became interested in art at Oxford, and took a few drawing lessons there from Edmund Hort New. Not until he reached Toronto, however, did he decide to try his hand at painting. Artist friends persuaded him to venture, despite his lack of training. "Go ahead and paint and have a good time!" they told him. "And that's what I've tried to do," he told Miss Townsend.

He exhibited privately in Toronto, and his work has been shown at the Oakland Art Gallery, the California Palace of the Legion of Honor, the Riverside Museum in New York, in a western traveling exhibit, and at an exhibit by the Doctors' Art Association, of which he is a member.

Olmsted sums up his own aims in art thus: "I try to get

as broad effects as I can, as simply as possible and with as little fuss as possible. I really am an amateur and my main job is teaching physiology."

Since June, the maiden who receives an invitation to a private view of etchings has been able to refuse without batting an eyelash, "Thank you, I'd rather go to the Boston Public Library." And that doesn't necessarily mean that she prefers to settle down with a good book.

Thanks to **Albert H. Wiggin**, Middlebury trustee and former president of the Chase National Bank, the Library now has on exhibition a $2,000,000 art collection of some 5,000 world famous prints and drawings and 2,000 illustrated volumes, one of the greatest of its kind extant.

If the maiden mentioned above really cares for etchings, there she will find the rare and famous Rembrandt "Christ Healing the Sick," valued at $30,000; Durer's "St. Eustace;" "Annie Hayden," the drypoint on which Whistler declared he would willingly rest his reputation; William Morris' vellum bound copy of 20 Durer wood engravings. There, too, are the lithographs of George Bellows which dominate the American section; and the works of twentieth century artists unrivaled in number and completeness by any other public collection. Supplementing these prints are the large number of working sketches and trial proofs available nowhere else. The books in the collection are illustrated by the etchings or engravings of celebrated artists.

The exhibition was formally opened June 21, in special quarters, in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Wiggin, Boston's Mayor Tobin, and Library officials. It is understood that Mr. Wiggin plans eventually to bequeath the entire collection to the Library.

Let other libraries and art museums gnash teeth in envy; Middlebury salutes the discriminating taste and generosity of a trustee.

OF BALLADS AND A BOOK

[*Continued from page 8*]

immigrants from overseas. The students should expect they can find in their own home towns or cities like songs—for no part of our country is immune from ballad singers as long as it is made up of European stocks and descendants of pioneers who patterned hymns and news-telling songs on the more ancient ones.

"I can only hope that many more people will have their own experiences in what I have so richly enjoyed for ten years—scenery, music, literature, homes, and friendships—which make up the continued life-story of any item in the Flanders Collection. There is this prospect now at Middlebury College."

RESPONSIBLE THINKING

[*Continued from Page 11*]

ments, make your decisions, cast your votes and play your part!

The only way in which you may hope to maintain some mental balance and poise and to be able to exercise some independent judgment of your own, is to train your mind and master a technique of free reflective thinking. It is in these days of intellectual confusion and anarchy that we can more fully appreciate the value and efficacy of the intellectual discipline which will enable us to seek the truth—the truth that will make us free.

In its essence, this scientific technique consists of a most solicitous regard for the control and testing of all suggestions, ideas and theories by their consequences. All thinking begins with a perplexing problem or situation. Ideas are welcome as hypothetical suggestions for the solution of such a perplexity. But every hypothesis must be tested by working out all the possible consequences which must result from its adoption. That hypothesis, the consequences of which will most satisfactorily overcome the original perplexities, is to be accepted as the best and truest solution. Such is the essence of scientific thinking in all physical, historical and social sciences.

Social and political problems are problems that involve the fate and welfare of millions of human beings. Just because of their tremendous complexity and importance, they are so difficult that they are to this day not yet amenable to exact quantitative measurement and exact method of testing and experimentation. Even the most scrupulous care and rigid methodology do not insure against error.

It is, therefore, the sacred duty of us all, as members of that privileged minority of university men and women, to prepare ourselves seriously and competently to undertake our everyday thinking and judging in a time like this and in a world like this. It is our sacred duty to discipline ourselves to think responsibly.

Responsible thinking implies at least these three elemental requirements: first, the duty to verify our facts and check our evidences: second, the humility to admit the possibility of error of our judgment and to guard against bias and dogmatism: and, thirdly, a willingness to work out as thoroughly as we can all the possible consequences that may follow the acceptance of our view or theory, and to hold ourselves morally responsible for those consequences.

The Dream of Youth

June 14, 1941

Which is the youngest class on the campus today?
Who but the men and women of '91?
We are not the survivors of an age that is gone;
We are the pioneers of a new era.
We came with the gay nineties.
They were not gay till we arrived.
We saw the birth of a new century,
A century so full of promise.
Alas! we have seen sad days, since the dawn of the century;
Days sadder than ever we dreamed.
But hope does not die in the heart of youth;
So we cherish the hope of a better world.
The wave of the future is not the swastika;
It is the stars and stripes.
Yes, and the Union Jack and the French Tricolor, flying again over Paris.
The wave of the future is freedom for all nations and all men;
Freedom and peace and brotherhood for all.
This is the dream of youth,
This is the dream that we still cherish.

—Ira E. Pinney, '91

Reunion

At the Commencement meeting of the Alumni Council the results of the ballot for alumni officers, which had been conducted through the mail during the spring months, were read as follows:

National President:
H. E. Hollister, '17, Rye, N. Y.

New Haven District President:
M. T. Anderson, '25, Hartford, Conn.

Albany District President:
L. M. Adkins, '19, Schenectady, N. Y.

New York City District President:
D. J. Breen, '20, Sea Cliff, L. I., N. Y.

Alumni Trustee, Region I:
W. H. Cleary, '11, Newport, Vt.

A committee consisting of T. H. Zaremba, '30, chairman, P. E. Mellen, '04, W. D. Carpenter, '14, and R. C. Hubbard, '36, was appointed by President Hollister to report nominations at the Homecoming meeting, October 25th, to fill vacancies in the list of class secretaries and other members of the Alumni Council.

Professor Everett Skillings told the Council in some detail about the work of the War Service Committee during World War I, and it was voted to have a committee appointed by the President to organize a similar plan for keeping in touch with Middlebury men who enter military service. President Hollister appointed W. G. Craig, '37, chairman, R. L. Cook, '24, and D. S. Hawthorne, '26, as the new War Service Committee.

At the instigation of M. T. Anderson, '25, president-elect of the New Haven District, the Council voted that that area be called the Connecticut District, since all but one small corner of the state was included in the district.

On the motion of T. H. Noonan, '91, the Council voted unanimously to have the Secretary write to Mrs. James M. Gifford and Mr. Charles A. Munroe, '96, expressing the appreciation of the Associated Alumni for the beautiful buildings which had been added to the campus during the year, through their generous gifts.

D. W. Reid, '20, D. J. Breen, '20, and L. B. Law, '21, District Presidents, were unanimously elected to serve with the National President and National Secretary on the Committee to Nominate an Alumni Trustee later in the year and to select the recipients of Alumni Awards for 1942.

W. M. Meacham, '21, was unanimously re-elected as a member of the Alumni Fund Committee for a period of three years.

H. S. Cady, '36, was elected as a representative of the alumni-at-large on the editorial board of the News Letter, and H. G. Owen, '23, as a representative of the faculty.

At the Barbecue following the Council meeting, Alumni Awards in the form of embossed hammered pewter bowls were presented, for meritorious service to their Alma Mater, to E. C. Bryant, '91, of Middlebury, S. B. Pettengill, '08, of South Bend, Ind., and W. M. Meacham, '21, of Boston, Mass. C. A. Munroe, '96, donor of Munroe Hall, was given an ovation by the thousand people in attendance at the Barbecue, as also was C. B. Ross who had been present at every Commencement since his graduation in 1882. W. H. Cleary, '11, newly-elected Alumni Trustee, was introduced, and Mrs. Ruth Wright read a tribute from the Class of 1921 to Dr. and Mrs. V. C. Harrington. The McCullough reunion cup was awarded by President Moody to T. H. Noonan, representing the Class of 1891, which had one hundred per cent of its living membership registered for Commencement. Former Governor Weeks received a more enthusiastic than tuneful birthday salute from the gathering.

The singing of Middlebury songs under the leadership of Richard A. Fear, '31, and the presentation of excerpts from the Winter Carnival musical comedy "Fleecing the Greeks," written by Charles H. Kitchell, '42, were special features of the Barbecue program.

Reunion dinners were held on Saturday, June 14th, by the classes of 1891, 1896, 1901, 1911, 1916, 1921, 1926, 1931, 1936, and 1940. The News Letter has received reports of some of the reunions as follows:

1891

Class reunions are a mixture of pleasure and a little sadness. Our 25th reunion in 1916 was almost perfect because all the members of the class were then living, and only one who was living in far away Oregon could not attend.

At our 50th reunion all the living graduate members of the class were present and Clarence H. Willey, x'91, was at the Barbecue lunch with us, but we missed the friendly smiles of Benedict, Boynton, Reilly and Walker.

The presence of that genial gentleman, Professor Charles Baker Wright, and his friendly wife, and our wives and children and Dr. John M. Thomas, '90, added to the pleasure of the class dinner at the Bristol Inn, and the informal remarks of Dr. Ernest C. Bryant and Carl A. Mead and a poem by Rev. Ira E. Pinney were enjoyed.

—T. H. N., 91

1896

The Class of 1896 held its dinner and reunion at the home of Charles A. Munroe in Middlebury. Miss Mary O. Pollard reports that out of the thirteen living members of the class, six were present and four others were heard from by letter or telegram.

1911

The Class of 1911 celebrated the thirtieth anniversary of its hegira with old-time spirit culminating in a dinner at the Bristol Inn on Saturday, June 14. From India and Seattle and points between they gathered, twenty-nine strong, in response to the persuasive leadership of Russell P. Dale and Judge Carmen R. Walker, who had the affair in their charge.

Including families and guests, sixty-three in all scuffed chairs at the tables. Judge Walter H. Cleary, fresh from his election as Alumni Trustee, functioned as toastmaster with his usual graceful aplomb. His Excellency William H. Wills, Governor of Vermont, cordially accepted an adoption into the class. Professor Swett and Dean Wiley told a few tales out of school and proved that their memories are as green as the old freshman caps. Members of contemporary classes brought their greetings. Dr. and Mrs. John M. Thomas, Professor and Mrs. Charles B. Wright, and Professor and Mrs. Ernest C. Bryant, who were pre-empted by the Class of '91 reunion, dropped in after the dinner for a chat with old friends. Wives and husbands, sons and daughters swelled the class to almost its old-time strength.

Five members of the class of 1909, four of 1910, three of 1912, two of 1913 and one of 1914 scouted the banquet to see how 1911 puts things over.

A feature of the reunion was the almost-continuous reception in the lounge of Gifford Hall, which by grace of the college authorities was set aside for the purpose. There on display were scrap books, textbooks, programs, and other memorabilia of thirty years ago, and letters of greeting from former faculty members who helped to impart the wisdom of the ages to 1911. And there—best of all—were old familiar faces undisguised by the years, and old familiar voices raised in eager greeting and heart-warming reminiscence.

After all, thirty years is only a breathing spell. With its second wind, watch what 1911 does at its thirty-fifth reunion in 1946!

—F. A. C., '11

1916

About thirty members of the class of 1916 were back at Middlebury for their 25th reunion and if the other members had not let us down we could easily have won the attendance cup.

Everyone had a swell time and took in all the doings. The barbecue went over big and offered a fine chance to meet members of the faculty and old friends from other classes. The class dinner was held in the new Gifford Hall and then a get-re-acquainted meeting took place in the lounge room upstairs. After this was over everyone went to the dance at the same old Gym and later on there were smaller group meetings at various spots on and off the campus.

We were all glad to have a chance to inspect the new buildings erected in recent years and also to go through the old buildings which have been extensively altered and repaired. All in all, we believe our reunion was a success in every way and those who were back are looking forward to attending the thirtieth a few years hence.

—P. W. F., '16

1926

As far as our own Class Dinner at the Middlebury Inn was concerned we had about forty, including husbands and wives. I think most of those attending had a good time and were glad that they came."

—D. S. H., '26

Alumni News and Notes

1876

ADDRESSES: Dr. Edward H. Baxter, 47 Highland St., Hyde Park, Mass.

1881

DEATHS: Frank H. Warner, in March.

1894

ADDRESSES: Dr. Henry H. Seely, 1124 C 17th St., Santa Monica, Calif.

1899

DEATHS: Harry F. Lake at Boston, Mass., June 9.

1900

DEATHS: Samuel B. Botsford, College Trustee since 1922, at Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 3.

ADDRESSES: Guy B. Horton, South Hero, Vt.

1901

DEATHS: Bert L. Stafford, College Trustee from 1914 to 1940, at Rutland, Vt., July 29.

1903

Elbert S. Brigham has been appointed by Governor Wills as a member of the general committee to formulate policies for rehabilitation of the University of Vermont.

BIRTHS: A daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Whitney, Seattle, Wash.

DEATHS: Frank R. Ingalsbe at Wapato, Wash., June 18.

1908

ADDRESSES: Dugald Stewart, R. F. D., Vergennes, Vt.; George G. Duff, 421 North Osage, Ponca City, Okla.

1909

Lt. Col. E. J. Berry is on duty with the Army Air Corps as resident auditor at Consolidated Aircraft Corp., San Diego, Calif.

1911

Isabelle C. Stewart (Mrs. R. R.), Dean of Women at Gordon College, Rawalpindi, India, will be on furlough for a year; address: 99 Claremont Ave., N. Y. C.

1912

Dr. Willys M. Monroe, health officer of the City of Pittsfield, Mass., has been called to active duty in the Army Medical Corps.

DEATHS: Ralph W. Hedges, June 21.

1915

Emma L. Feeney has been appointed New York State member of the house of delegates for the American Dietetic Assoc.

1916

MARRIAGES: Alban J. Parker to Mrs. Caroline J. Black at Woodstock, Vt., July 21.

1917

ADDRESSES: Harold E. Hollister, 50 Oakwood Ave., Rye, N. Y.

1919

MARRIAGES: Kenneth Gorham to Mrs. Olive Hammond Wiltsie of Rutland, Vt., at Burlington, Vt., June 9.

1920

Dr. Stewart Ross has entered the Naval Service and is stationed at the naval hospital in Philadelphia.

1921

ADDRESSES: Capt. William R. Cohen, Trenton Induction Station, 114th Infantry Armory, Trenton, N. J.

1922

ADDRESSES: Margaret Dickinson Gray (Mrs. Latham B.), Center Hall, Pa.

1923

MARRIAGES: Prudence Hopkins Fish, to Stanley Calvin Bussey, at Selinsgrove, Pa., Aug. 16.

ADDRESSES: Evelyn Ryle, 49 Garden St., Hartford, Conn.

1924

Dr. William P. Burpeau is serving with the Army Medical Center at the Walter Reed General Hospital, Washington, D. C.

DEATHS: Sarah Louise Fisher, at Van Buren, Me., Jan. 9.

ADDRESSES: Walter F. Hellman, 85 Eastlawn St., Fairfield, Conn.

1926

Harold E. Cable has opened a law office in Westport, Conn.

MARRIAGES: Margaret Luvanne Doty to George Bates Hatch, at Newburgh, N. Y., June 14.

ADDRESSES: Jay Clark, 19 Reynal Rd., White Plains, N. Y.; Rev. Reginald W. Eastman, P. O. Box 1725, Sarasota, Fla.

1927

BIRTHS: A third son, Robert Henry, to Mr. and Mrs. Frederic T. Mertens (Margaret Sedgwick), June 11.

ADDRESSES: David H. Williams, 151 St. John St., Manchester, Conn.; H. Carleton Seymour, 108 Nunda Blvd., Rochester, N. Y.; Alton R. Huntington, 237 McKinley Rd., Grosse Pointe, Mich.

1928

Lt. John P. Hoyt is an instructor in mathematics at the U. S. Naval Academy; address: 1315 West St., Annapolis, Md.

BIRTHS: A daughter, Sylvia Marian, to Mr. and Mrs. Harold D. Harding (Norma Taylor), Feb. 3; address: 45 Brattle St., Worcester, Mass.

ADDRESSES: Dr. John M. Thomas, Jr., 324 Main St., Burlington, Vt.

1929

MARRIAGES: Frank DeWitt to Prucia M. Lanen of Middlebury, Vt., Aug. 14.

DEATHS: William Earl Davis at New York City, April 29.

1930

BIRTHS: A daughter, Virginia Kent, to Mr. and Mrs. Sanford S. Witherell, March 30. A daughter, Elizabeth, to Mr. and Mrs. Gilman H. Lowery (Norma Howard), July 2; address: 359 E. New Castle St., Zelienople, Pa.

ADDRESSES: John O. Crawford, Jr., 224 Gorham Ave., Hamden, Conn.

1931

Dorothy M. Pearson has a position as secretary to Dr. Arthur I. Gates, Teachers College; address: 616 West 116th St., N. Y. C.

Richard A. Fear is a research associate with the Psychological Corp., 522 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

Raymond E. Brown is principal of the Fort Ann Central School, Glens Falls, N. Y.

Charles O. Haff has been promoted to the position of Eastern district manager for the Autographic Register Co.

Edmund C. Bray has been inducted into the Army for a year's service.

ENGAGEMENTS: Mary Elizabeth Hough to Darrance T. Coleman of Portland, Me.

MARRIAGES: Elizabeth E. Moyle to C. Henri Champeau of Montreal, May 20; address: 48 Morris St., Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada.

BIRTHS: A daughter, Susan Mary, to Mr. and Mrs. Philip E. Brewer, Nov. 30, 1940; address: Co. B., 101st Centetank Bn., Fort Blanding, Ga.

ADDRESSES: Robert G. Spencer, 6309 Boulevard East, West New York, N. J.; Virginia Cole, Perkins Institute, Watertown, Mass.

1932

MARRIAGES: Annie E. Fuller to Arthur B. Saunders, May 31; address: Neshanic Station, N. J.; Marshall W. Phinney to Elizabeth H. Loomis, '35, Glastonbury, Conn., June 14.

ADDRESSES: William E. Davis, Box 437, Wianno Ave., Osterville, Mass.

1933

Ruth Havard is working in the College Department of MacMillan Publishing Co.

Frances L. Mullans is on the staff of Northeast Junior High School, Hartford, Conn.

Chester H. Clemens is with Douglas T. Johnston & Co., Inc., investment counsel, Graybar Bldg., N. Y. C.

ENGAGEMENTS: Joan C. Rowland to Dr. Edward M. Glassburn of Pittsburgh, Pa.; Anson V. Ransom to Lorraine G. Benson of Bloomfield, N. J.

MARRIAGES: Elizabeth C. Chase to Kenneth I. Greisen of Raritan, N. J., at Milford, Conn.; Miriam I. Barber to W. Dale Brown, Aug. 9; address: 31 Kendrick Ave., Hamilton, N. Y.; Rachael S. Booth to David Richard Bookstaver, Aug. 16; address: East Hampton, N. Y.

BIRTHS: A daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Kingsley Smith, June 20.

ADDRESSES: Joseph P. Suchy, 708 East 216th St., N. Y. C.; Faith Kellogg, 7 Euclid Ave., Providence, R. I.; Paul T. Collins, 1935 N. Marengo Ave., Pasadena, Calif.

1934

Colin C. Woodfall has been appointed to the American Foreign Service and will be assigned to a South American post.

Charles A. Hickcox is to be on the faculty of Brooklyn, N. Y., College during the coming year.

MARRIAGES: Marion Alice Day to Robert Willis Ellison, at North Hadley, Mass., April 19; John A. Reilly to Marguerite Ringler of North Creek, N. Y., Aug. 19, 1940; Dr. Curtiss B. Hickcox to Helen T. Burke, at Hartford, Conn., June 7; Dr. William D. Stull to Elisabeth Coghill, at Tuscaloosa, Ala., July 12. Doris Ruth Selleck to Mitchell Peereboom, July 20; address: Spring Valley, N. Y.

ADDRESSES: James A. Fechheimer, 102 Cavalry, Fort Jackson, S. C.; Edward L. LaBounty, West Chazy, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Louis M. Baumgartner (Isabel Ingham, '37), 4201 Derry St., Harrisburg, Pa.; Winslow R. Hodgdon, 11 Hungerford Terr., Burlington, Vt.

1935

MARRIAGES: Esther Mary Johnson to Dr. Lewis W. Whiting, June 14; address: Cleveland City Hospital, Cleveland, O.; Elizabeth Coley to Donald G. Congdon, June 21; address: 115 Elm St., Worcester, Mass.

ADDRESSES: Grace Harris Hornaday (Mrs. John A.), 3681 Lynnfield Rd., Shaker Heights, O.; Burton C. Holmes, Btry-D-11th Bn.–4th Regt.–Fartc, Fort Bragg, N. C.; Kenneth W. Rudd, 1924 Chapel St., New Haven, Conn.; Dorothy E. Williams, 216 Bishop St., Apt. 314, New Haven, Conn.

1936

Victor Willoughby is with the Augustus Bacon Co., in Missouri.

Dr. Clarence W. Harwood, who is a First Lieutenant in the Medical Corps Reserves of the U. S. Army, is at Bolling Field, Anacostia, D. C.

Dr. Clifford T. Conklin, Jr., received his degree in medicine in June at U. V. M. and will be an interne at St. Francis Hospital, Hartford, Conn.

Dr. Angus M. Brooks is a resident physician in anesthesia, Hartford, Conn., Hospital.

ENGAGEMENTS: Ralph H. Meacham to Ramona E. Smith of Manchester, N. H.

MARRIAGES: Victor Willoughby, Jr., to Estelle Hatten of Birlington, Kans.; Henry H. Kirwin to Phyllis M. Chandler, Nov. 1940; Evelyn Stoliker to Raymond L. Snow of Brockton, Mass., at Worcester, Mass., May 31; Alice Dewey to R. Jackson Jupp of Wilmington, Del., July 12.

ADDRESSES: William H. Carter, Jr., 115 Mohegan Ave., New London, Conn.; James R. Elliott, 68-12 Yellowstone Blvd., Forest Hills, L. I., N. Y.; Conrad Hoehn, Btry-B-12th Bn.–4th Regt., Fort Bragg, N. C.; Mrs. H. E. Frakie (Isabel Kinney), Stewart Apts., 365 Stewart Ave., Garden City, N. Y.

1937

Charles Sawyer, who has had a teaching fellowship at Yale University for the past three years, has passed his examination for Ph.D. in biology with high distinction, an honor conferred only once in ten years. He is to be an instructor in Anatomy at Stanford University, Calif., during the coming year.

John A. Macomber was graduated cum laude from Northeastern University Law School in June.

William C. Ward is with the Norwich Pharmacal Co.; address: 93 S. Broad St., Norwich, N. Y.

Kenneth W. MacFadyen is in the research dept. of Westvaco Chlorine Products, Carterest, N. J.; address: Demarest Ave., Avenel, N. J.

ENGAGEMENTS: Robert W. Robinson to Sally O'Hara; Stephen D. Ward to Hazel Burgwin of Richmond, Va.

MARRIAGES: Parmelee C. Hill to Francesca C. Hall, of Danville, Va., June 14; Muriel Anne Voter to Carroll M. Williams, of Richmond, Va., June 26; John R. Smith to Ruth Wickware at Jersey City, N. J., May 17; address: 365 East St., Pittsfield, Mass.

BIRTHS: A son, Kenneth Robert, to Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth W. MacFadyen, at Rahway, N. J., July 7.

ADDRESSES: Walter E. Brooker, 7 Shadow Lane, Wellesley, Mass.; Frederick S. Vollmar, 1546 Seymour Ave., Utica, N. Y.; Paul W. Foster, 3822 Amherst, Houston, Tex.; Robert B. Malvern, The Order of the Poor Brethren of St. Francis, Mt. Sinai, L. I., N. Y.

1938

Raymond F. Brainard, Cecil C. Liljenstein, and Robert B. Hicks have been inducted for service in the U. S. Army.

Henry M. Richardson is on the faculty of the Washington Irving High School, Tarrytown, N. Y.

Richard C. Soule is with the Fairfield Farms Maple Co., St. Albans, Vt.

Claribel M. Nothnagle is an assistant in the English Dept. at Boston University for the academic year, 1941–42; address: Fox Hall, 24 Mt. Vernon St., Boston, Mass.

ENGAGEMENTS: Margaret Gardner to Dr. F. Levering Neely; Catherine H. Prouty to Carleton G. Power, of Albany, N. Y.; Charles J. Harvi to Carol L. Flascher, '39; Frederick deForest Camp to Mabelle M. Hickcox, of Watertown, Conn.

MARRIAGES: Arthur D. Gilbert to Beverly Browning, '39, at Westfield, N. J., June 7; address: Forest Home, Ithaca, N. Y.; Edward B. Hayward to Ruth B. Kelley, of New Hampton, N. H., at Rutland, Vt., Aug. 15.

ADDRESSES: F. Howard Winslow, Chemistry Dept., Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.; C. Albert Pritchard, 131 Orange Ave., Walden, N. Y.

1939

DEGREES: Eleanor T. Caldwell received her M. A. in Geology at Smith in June.

ENGAGEMENTS: Richard P. Franklin to Elsa J. Olson, of Melrose, Mass.; Louise D. Roberts to Borden E. Avery, of Middlebury, Vt.

MARRIAGES: Raymond Skinner to Ruth Coleman, of New Rochelle, N. Y., Mead Chapel, May 31; Ruth A. Barnum to John B. Coburn, of Danbury, Conn., at Danbury, May 26; Dorothy Watson to Norman Smith, June 8; Joseph M. Trask to Margaret B. Ray, at Gorham, N. H., June 21; William A. Onion to Margaret Ann

Kent, at Rutland, Vt., June 26; Gertrude M. Bittle to Thomas N. Murray, Aug. 16; Isabel Riexinger to John Charles Mettler, II, June 28.

ADDRESSES: Frederic A. Wheeler, R. F. D. No. 2, Westport, Conn.; Gordon A. Barrows, Apt. No. 1, 538 Lincoln Ave., Bellevue, Pa.; Robert W. Lord, 39 Oxford St., Newark, N. J.; Roland W. Anderson, R. F. D. No. 2, Berne, N. Y.

1940

Beverly Barton has been appointed to the Circulation Dept. of the Wellesley College library; address: 11 Leighton Rd., Wellesley, Mass.

Albert C. James is attending Vanderbilt University School of Religion at Nashville, Tenn.

James R. Akers is in the business dept. of American Machinist, McGraw-Hill Publishing Co., N. Y. C.; address: 6114 Highland Pl., West New York, N. J.

George F. Lewin is a junior executive trainee with the Provident Mutual Life Ins. Co., Philadelphia.

James Edward King is training at Barksdale Field, Shreveport, La.

J. Halford Gordon is field operator with the Surplus Marketing Adm., U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, Philadelphia; address: 152 East 6th Ave., Roselle, N. J.

Paul G. Cushman is enrolled in the General Electric Company's training course at Pittsfield, Mass.; address: 193 Pomeroy Ave.

Edward L. Newcomb is a laboratory instructor at Cornell University; address: McGraw Hall, Ithaca, N. Y.

Porter H. Evans, Jr., is a research assistant in the Mechanical Engineering Dept., M. I. T.; address: M. I. T. Graduate House, Cambridge, Mass.

Ralph O. Kaufman is with the Pratt & Whitney Aircraft; address: 107 Oakland St., Manchester, Conn.

ENGAGEMENTS: Marjorie T. Gooch to Edward J. Drew; Evelyn T. White to Robert E. Cairns, '38, of Derby Line, Vt.

MARRIAGES: Ruth Raymond to Vivian J. Nelson, of Springfield, Vt., June 21; Jean L. Rose to Charles C. Cozzens, 3d, of Maplewood, N. J., June 20; Albert C. James to Ruth Hulse, of Coffeyville, Kans., at Marietta, O., June 14; Glenn H. Leggett, Jr., to Doris R. James, at Marietta, O., June 14; John L. Buttolph, Jr., to Marjorie E. Howe, of Jamaica, N. Y., July 5; address: 37 Main St., West Haven, Conn.; William G. Meader, Jr., to Audrey H. Wouters, '41, at Maplewood, N. J., June 28; address: 1799 Euclid Ave., Berkeley, Calif.

ADDRESSES: Kenneth L. Temple, 103 S. Randall Ave., Madison, Wis.; Charles Meilleur, Officers' Candidate School, Fort Sill, Okla.; Ensign Robert D. Post, U. S. Naval Air Corps, Instructors' School, Pensacola, Fla.; Mary Hull, 35 Piedmont St., Waterbury, Conn.; Helen Doyle, 23 Russel Ave., Nashua, N. H.; Mrs. Harold E. Phillips (Natalie Bailey), 1 Elmwood Ave., Norwich, Conn.; Elizabeth Miller, 89 High St., Clinton, Conn.; Patty May, The Seeing Eye Inc., Morristown, N. Y.; Esther Korn, Spencer, N. Y.; Constance Trottier, 724 Elm St., Carthage, N. Y.

1941

Margaret B. Whittlesey plans to enter University of Pennsylvania School for Social Work.

Sidney H. Thomas has enlisted for three years in the U. S. Medical Corps and is stationed at Fort Slocum, Panama.

George M. Curl is with the R. & H. Chemicals Dept. of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Niagara Falls, N. Y.

John C. Trask, Jr., and James A. Turley are training as naval cadets at Squantum, Mass.

Dan B. Armstrong, John W. Malm, and John Talbott are with the 45th Bombardment Group at Manchester, N. H., Air Base.

George A. Berry, III, is in the U. S. Army; home address: 330 County Line Rd., Hinsdale, Ill.

Leonard H. Brown is a lumber agent in Wilmington, Vt.

Robert N. Burnes is salesman for the Atlantic Refining Co.; address: 1273 Hyde Park Ave., Hyde Park, Mass.

James H. Cassedy is in the U. S. Army; home address: Box 437, Fultonville, N. Y.

Donald E. Chapman is a cadet in the Naval Air Corps; home address: 606 Toilsome Hill Rd., Bridgeport, Conn.

George M. Clark, Jr., is secretary-treasurer of Clark & Gibby, Inc., office furniture, N. Y. C.; address: 26 Pierrepont St., Brooklyn.

Albert W. Coffrin is a student at Cornell Law School.

Wilton W. Covey is a student at the College of Medicine, U. V. M.

Nelson Easton is a junior research chemist, Merck & Co., Rahway, N. J.; address: 256 Stanton St.

Robert G. Gale is a student at Rochester, N. Y., Medical School.

Merritt F. Garland, Jr., is a psychiatric aide, Hartford, Conn., Psychiatric Institute.

David A. Hammond is control chemist at Hudson River Works, General Chemical Co., 233 Clark Terr., Cliffside Park, N. J.

Howard L. Hasbrouck is a private in the U. S. Army, Camp Croft, S. C.

John F. Hogan is a private in the U. S. Army, Camp Devens, Mass.

Alan B. Howes is working for his M. A. at Middlebury.

Walter D. Knight, Jr., is an assistant in the Dept. of Physics of Duke University.

Willard Littlehale is with Wm. Filene's Sons Co., Boston.

Lawrence R. Mahar is a private at Westover Field, Mass.

Terry Manning, Jr., is manager of the Retail Feed and Grain Business, Unionville, Orange Co., N. Y.

Ely Silverman is an x-Ray technician in the U. S. Army, Medical Detachment, West Point, N. Y.

Aaron W. Sweet is in the Chemical Warfare Service of the U. S. Army, Panama.

Richard L. Treat is a salesman in the advertising dept. of the *Boston Post*; address: 62 Belcher Circle, Milton, Mass.

Joseph A. C. Unrath is studying with the Ins. Co. of N. A., 1600 Arch St., Philadelphia.

George T. Wallace is in the U. S. Army; home address: Greensboro, Vt.

Aaron B. Whitlock, Jr., is a chemist with the U. S. Rubber Co., Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Charles W. Jones is a student at the Harvard School of Dental Medicine; address: 645 Vanderbilt Hall, Harvard Medical School, Boston.

Charles H. Bartlett is a chemist with the E. I. du Pont de Nemours Co., Charlestown, Ind.

Frederick G. Butler is in the Auditing Dept. of the Travelers Ins. Co., Hartford, Conn.

John F. Collins is a chemist and physicist with Thompson Products, Cleveland, O.

John Connor is attending Harvard Business School.

Russell N. Demeritt is a teacher at Chelsea, Vt.

Edward R. Loftus is a student at Albany, N. Y., Medical College.

H. Robert Van Gaasbeck is a student at Babson Institute of Business Adm., Babson Park, Mass.

ENGAGEMENTS: Doris L. Wolff to Charles H. Bartlett; Jeanne E. Pearson to John C. Malcolm, Jr.; H. Elizabeth Nichols, '40, to Winthrop G. Pierrel; Elsa Barbara Lown to John T. MacLeurn.

MARRIAGES: George H. S. Fairchild to Mildred R. Falkenbury, '40, at Fair Haven, Vt., June 21; Faith S. Wohnus, '40, to William H. Hallock, Aug. 12; Elizabeth Bradt to Leonard S. Parsons, of Evanston, Ill., June 18.

ADDRESSES: Merle E. Arthur, 5472 Dalewood Ave., Maple Heights, O.; Ames T. Barber, 96 Coolidge Ave., Glens Falls, N. Y.; Samuel J. Bertuzzi, Naval Air Station, Squantum, Mass.; William A. T. Cassedy, 3rd, Washington St., Fultonville, N. Y.; John B. Crawford, 75 Elm Ave., Wollaston, Mass.; Charles M. De La Vergne, Salt Point, N. Y.; Harold M. Hotaling, 160 Chestnut, Oneonta, N. Y.; Samuel O. Perry, Jr., Wilton, Conn.; John W. Vantuyl, North Rd., Greenport, N. Y.; Norman Weed, 65 Boston Ave., Waterville, Me.; Jessie W. Matthew, American Embassy, Havana, Cuba.

Military Service Who's Who

For the use of the War Service Committee (W. G. Craig, '37, chairman; R. L. Cook, '24, and D. S. Hawthorne, '26), the Alumni Office desires to secure the name and, if possible, the address and status of each Middlebury man who is in any branch of military service. The cooperation of friends in sending such information to the Office will be greatly appreciated. The following list includes the names of those already reported to the Alumni Office as being in the Service.

1898
Halpin, Michael F.

1909
Berry, Eugene J.

1912
Bundy, Charles W.
Monroe, Willys M.

1917
Bresnahan, Thomas F.
Wilson, Joseph A.

1918
Allyn, Lester N.

1920
Ross, Stewart

1921
Cohen, William R.

1923
Carroll, Sanford A.
Margeson, Henry B.

1924
Burpeau, William P.

1926
Gruggel, J. Stuart

1931
Bray, Edmund C.
Brewer, Philip E.

1934
Fechheimer, James A.
Hurd, John A.
Scozzafava, Julius T.
Smith, Richard R.

1935
Cushing, Richard L.
Holmes, Burton C.
Williams, Arthur H.

1936
Deming, George H.
Hoehn, Conrad

1937
Labouchere, Jean P.
Myers, Paul A.

1938
Brainard, Raymond F., Jr.
Elliott, A. Leete
Gray, N. Harry
Hicks, Robert B.
Jackman, Kenneth V.
Liljenstein, Cecil C.

1939
Golembeske, John
Smith, Norman C.

1940
Barclay, Richard M.
Burrows, Grover
Buttolph, John L., Jr.
Gilpin, John W.
King, James E.
Livingston, Chester G.
Meilleur, Charles
Post, Robert D.
Rumbold, Charles S. B.
Smith, James C., II
Stabile, John P.
Tupka, Adam W., Jr.

1941
Armstrong, Dan B.
Berry, George A., III
Bertuzzi, Samuel J.
Cassedy, James H.
Chapman, Donald E.
De Veer, Robert L.
Ferguson, William, 3rd
Hasbrouck, Howard L.
Hicks, John H.
Hogan, John F.
Holt, John W.
House, Sumner J.
Johnson, Robert L.
Johnstone, Emerson G.
Krauszer, Nicholas R.
Mahar, L. Robert
Malm, John C., Jr.
Morrow, Raymond G.
Nugent, John M.
Silverman, Ely
Sweet, Aaron W.
Talbott, John
Thomas, Sidney H.
Trask, John C., Jr.
Turley, James A.
Van Buren, Albert W.
Wright, Vernon M.

1942
Emmons, David W.
Franklin, John B.
Hubert, Royce E.
Hunter, David S.
Wisell, Philip A.

1943
Aldrich, Kenneth R.
Bird, Malcolm W.

1944
Collin, Malcolm S.
Walker, Frederick B.

Alumni Fund Reports Progress

With the secretaries of several classes in the midst of their canvass of class members for the Fund of 1941, it has been decided to print in the next issue of the News Letter the annual report of contributions by the various classes and the list of all contributors to this year's Fund.

The special objective of the Alumni Fund this year is a minimum of $7,000, to establish five or more scholarships of $1,400 each, covering full tuition for the four-year course and to be awarded to outstanding men students on a competitive basis.

A preliminary check-up shows that the class of 1897 has the largest percentage of its members contributing to the 1941 Alumni Fund. The class of 1905 has the second largest percentage, with 1891, 1902, 1901, 1881, 1885, and 1896 following in order. The largest number of contributors has been reported by the class of 1926, with 1920, 1929, 1924, 1930, and 1940 following. The class of 1902 has contributed the largest sum of money this year, with the next best showing being made by 1901, and the classes of 1920, 1895, 1914, and 1905 following closely.

Alumni Homecoming, October 25, 1941